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OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 10, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

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"Never are noble spirits
Poor while their like survive;
True love has gems to render,
And virtue wealth to give.
Never is lost or wasted
The goodness of the good;
Never against a mercy,
Against a right, it stood;
And seeing this, that virtue
Is always friend to all,
The virtuous and true-hearted,
Men their 'protectors' call."

From Edwin Arnold's Indian Idylls

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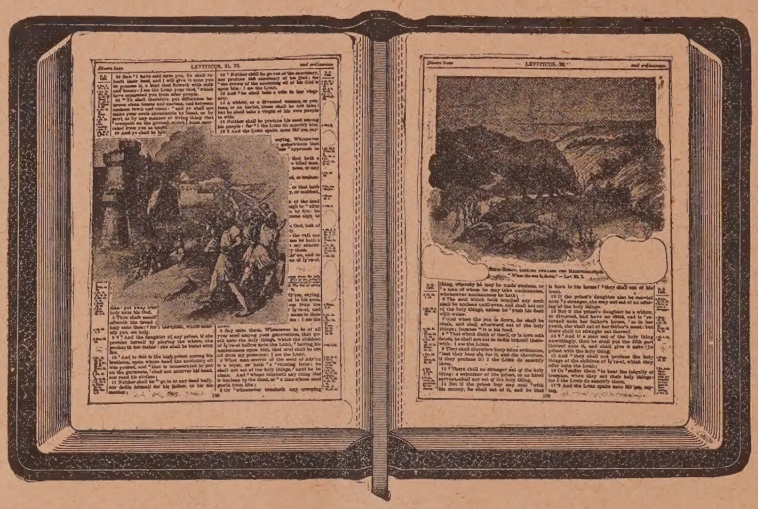

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22; 20. 4.

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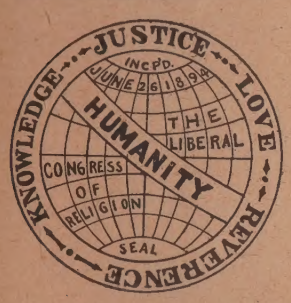
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1898. NUMBER 50



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Even to foes who visit us as guests
Due hospitality should be displayed;
The tree screens with its leaves, the man who fells it."
THE MAHA-BHARATA.

New York State has done a gracious act in agreeing to carve on the caps of the columns of the grand staircase of the capital of that State the heads of four representative women. We are glad to see just honor bestowed upon our friend Susan B. Anthony, as one of the four. The other three are Molly Pitcher, of revolutionary fame, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Clara Barton. No better selection could have been made. By and by New York State will not object to allowing such women to do a part of her voting.

Monier-Williams, in his "Indian Wisdom," says that reading somewhere that the sentiment expressed in the lines which we have printed as our editorial motto on this page was to be met with in Sanskrit literature, was a suggestion that induced Prof. H. H. Wilson, one of the leading authorities on the subject, to commence the study of the Sanskrit language. Perhaps the reprinting of the same on this page and the perusal of this note may induce some other young man or woman to take up the study at least of the available English translations from the great epic, and thus find much that will expand the mind and mellow the heart. For a beginning, let such read Chapters XIII and XIV in Monier-Williams, "Indian Wisdom," and the delightful "Indian Idylls" of Edwin Arnold.

A much-afflicted correspondent who has spent many pain-burdened years in an asylum, planned to alleviate misery and lonesomeness, writes: "I have been here long enough to know that humanity is better than Christianity, and men and women than ladies and gentlemen, and that in the United States Southward the star of empire takes its way."

This is the way Brother Edwards, of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, talks to his subscribers in the last issue. Let our readers make the necessary revisions and substitutions, and it will answer the purposes of an editorial note in THE NEW UNITY:

Our lists are growing finely, for which a thousand million—just a billion thanks to all concerned. Our list is now larger than ever before in the history of the paper—except during the war, when duplicated bundles were sent to soldiers in the field. Push on, dear brothers! We aspire to give you as good a paper as is printed in Methodism, home or foreign. You can compel it by seconding the enterprise of our publishers. Let us "hear a second," ten thousand times over.

A "Lowly Disciple" writes to the publisher of THE NEW UNITY soliciting a copy of our publication for a far-off public library. We carry many such libraries on our free list, but as the institutions of this kind who would gladly give place and reading constituency to THE NEW UNITY number many thousands in this country alone, it becomes evident that it is quite beyond the reach of our publisher to concede to every such request, hence the suggestion of the above correspondent becomes more pertinent. He says: "Why might it not be an opportunity and privilege to the young people's societies or other organizations interested in your ideals to place a copy of the periodical in the libraries of their own town or otherwheres?"

The editor of THE NEW UNITY did not arrive in Davenport until Wednesday afternoon of last week, by which time the new church had been well dedicated. Miss Safford preached the morning sermon on the Sunday previous. Mr. Gould talked to the Sunday-school. Mr. Hosmer and Mr. Blake had spoken in the evening. On Tuesday evening the social rooms were fittingly dedicated with a banquet, speeches, the lighting of the fire on the hearth, etc. On the arrival of the editor he found a goodly number gathered in the parlor discussing a paper which had been read by Miss Gordon on "How to Help," and in the evening a great gathering listened to a most representative program, in which the various clubs, musical, literary and philanthropic organizations of the city were repre-

sented, the editor making the address on "The Gospel of Culture," the conclusion of which was better established by the object lesson at hand than by any argument of the speaker, viz., that culture makes for breadth, hospitality and reverence.

The first bulletin concerning the Congress of Religions to be held at Omaha has been sent out by the local committee, which is organized by the Women's Board of Managers of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. From this bulletin we copy the introductory paragraph:

The present year will be an especially notable one in the religious history of the West, many of the denominational bodies having perfected arrangements for the holding of their national annual sessions at Omaha during the season of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition. Among the number that will meet in Omaha during next summer are the Swedish Evangelical Association, the Swedish Epworth League, the Danish Lutheran Church of America, and the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church. Aside from the regular proceedings of these different denominations pertaining to the annual business and welfare of the churches, many eminent preachers and laymen will be present and discuss questions of religious interest. Foreign talent will be invited to participate in the meetings, and the sessions made of the most interesting character aided by the brightest pulpit intellect that the respective churches afford.

A Liberal Congress of Religion will be held under the auspices of the Women's Board of Managers of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Mrs. Ida S. Foord, of Chicago, a representative of Secretary Jones, recently visited Omaha, and was well satisfied with the arrangements that have been made for holding the congress.

Already the forces are gathering for the municipal campaign in Chicago. The indications are that it will be a more drawn battle between the forces of corruption and the forces of honesty than has ever been fought at the Chicago poles. This must necessarily be the case when the first public note of the campaign was sounded by Jane Addams, and the Nineteenth Ward, the home of the Hull House, promises to become the great battle-ground between honesty and corruption. The Hull House may well be considered the headquarters of the independents who are arrayed to fight Johnny Powers, the genial representative of the bad elements and the worst methods in the common council for many years. In this campaign, where integrity and honesty alone are at issue, the pulpit, the preachers and the religious press ought to be where the fight is thickest. Let no one speak a word of reproach or blame to such. Massachusetts rose to its civic power and dignity by the help of its clergy. The man of God was also the man of state. The parson was no stranger on the legislative floors, and his presence was looked for in the councils of the county, the town and the school district. As it was once, let it be again.

In the cause of Unity, an essay has been made in Japan to bring together in harmonious intercourse, the Christian Ministers, Missionaries, and the Buddhist Bonzes so far as it is possible to do so; and it has been advocated for some time past that the more liberal-minded among the Buddhist and the Christian sacerdotals meet in a more frequent and systematic way to discuss, in a friendly spirit, matters that equally affect all. In view of the Revised Treaties coming into force ere long, and the changed legal status of the foreign missionaries, it has been pointed out that in the future there will be many occasions when co-operation will be desirable. Quite recently there have been indications of a tendency, on the part of the executive, to interfere in the internal affairs of the religious organizations; and when the extra territorial jurisdiction ceases, the missions will be, before the law, in the same position as the Buddhists. The originator and prime mover in this matter is a foreigner, who is in an unique position, being the first alien who has become closely allied with the Buddhists as an exponent of Buddhism in Japan and abroad. Everything must have a beginning, and there is always difficulty in starting a movement of the character of this endeavor—there are so many prejudices to overcome on all sides.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* has a ringing editorial concerning Jane Addams' work in Nineteenth Ward politics—"A 'Settlement' versus An Alderman." We make room for the following, believing that while it is written of Chicago and Chicago issues, the words will carry a lesson in citizenship everywhere:

Miss Addams is now telling thoughtless voters that a better man should be elected. The lady does not seek to "meddle in politics" when she discriminates among politicians of the baser sort. She simply insists that the success of such a man damns any city, and defiles and degrades young people whose fathers and voting brothers aid to perpetuate false standards of "success" in the minds of impressible people. If the election of an unsavory political brawler is possible, even if he otherwise has a bad character, young people are taught to confuse moral distinctions and seek "success" at any sacrifice of reputation and self-respect. Moreover, such a candidate enlists a large army of corrupted heelers who do more harm between elections, when distributed among the homes of the ward, than when actually on duty on election day. These evil missionaries perpetuate the reign of a corrupted dynasty and put good character and honest living at an enduring disadvantage. Miss Addams seeks only to teach in the Nineteenth Ward a gospel of good living, more honest ambitions, and more correct standards of citizenship. Powers is very angry. We doubt not that if a man had led such a revolt against him, he would have had a knife between his ribs, or have gone to the morgue, long ago. We hope the ladies will shake the fellow from his foul roost. His record is bad, and he does not lack like companionship. If he is ousted, some of the better wards will have reason to hope for similar deliverance. We deliberately declare that some reputable citizens save their individual money through the services of corrupt aldermen. If they wish to occupy an undue part of the public sidewalk in front of their stores, or need a railway side track at the expense of the public, or modification of large tax assessments which yet are below their just share, or wish some service which an honest alderman would scorn, they quietly pay the scamp and secure their illegal and unjust ends. This is construed into a slander upon

good citizens, but it has the sad merit of being exactly true. We are told that such statements are "injuring Chicago." If the evils did not abound, the sayings would be unnecessary. Some reputable large firms in this city could not afford to have a list of their dealings with the council published. While they have not robbed the city, they yet have added to the proofs that aldermen can be hired to give privileges to some firms which are denied to others and are illegal unless given by the council, for a price. Worse people argue that if an ordinance can be bought for a relatively safe project, the same process can be enlarged, until no ordinance is possible without money. At the same time, we suggest that Chicago is not the only offender. Scores of cities and larger towns can tell the same story. Chicago may do wrong, but it also protests and may ultimately cure the evil. Open protest and discussion are conditions of reform. Miss Addams is doing a service to the entire city, and she should be praised and sustained.

One need but to turn over, however casually, the pages of the religious press of to-day in order to find how, on every hand, denominationalism is disintegrating and the sectarian consciousness is vanishing in the minds and hearts of the most competent. That there is plenty of sectarianism still left, many devoted denominational "leaders" and "followers" goes without the saying; but that the word chokes the best men at their best, and that the highest utterances and most searching appeals from all pulpits are for something bigger than "our denomination," something more fundamental than "our ism," must be apparent to all. These thoughts are suggested by turning over the pages of the *Outlook* for January 29th. Here, for instance, we find a long extract from Professor Briggs' article in the *New World* of last March on "Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in Church Unity," closing with his words: "It would be a delight to many if they could be lawful ministers of several denominations at the same time; such would constitute a living bridge between the denomination." Next, an item speaking of R. R. Tyler's campaign of education, who resigned his place in one pulpit that he might carry on his successful campaign among the churches. On the next page is a notice of Max Muller's "creed," so-called, in which he declares that he believes in but one revelation, and that "the inner voice." In regard to the religion of the future, he says: "I hope it will become simpler and simpler; the shorter a creed is, the better and the truer. With the ordinary people the tendency is toward simplicity, but not with the bishops, the deans, and the pope. Religion cannot be killed though it may be smothered for a time by theology." Farther along we find a commendatory notice of the non-sectarian Sunday-school of Dayton, O., which we have noticed in these columns before, and a plea of a Massachusetts minister that, "Children's Sunday instead of being devoted to denominational purposes should be reserved to the necessities of the poor." Mr. Mallory says: "If all the children of all the churches were to center their interest upon the work of comforting the destitute, even once a year, it would much hasten union among all of God's children." In spite of this tendency, we hear the denominational justifier saying that "Sects must exist, inasmuch as personal differences exist." This is trying to prove the minor premise by a major one. It is pitiably begging the question. The sects have not always existed, and many of the sects that once existed are no more. If there should be no divisions except where there are real and profound differences the claim is granted, but the pitiable thing is that so much time and strength is spent in trying to keep up differences where there is no profound line of demarkation, or where the line that once was clear has long since faded. Many of our faithful "denominational workers" in all the sects of Protestantism are like the guard which Thoreau found pacing the terrace at Quebec, who, when asked what was the object of his vigilance, replied: "There hust to be a harsenal 'ere, sir. The harsenal has removed, but the general, sir, has left no horders to relieve the guard."

Doubleday, McClure & Company, of New York, have put out two unique, handy little volumes that ought to be much welcomed by the readers of THE NEW UNITY. They belong to the devotional library of the unconventional. They offer liturgical helps to the low-church people of all creeds or of no creeds. The first is a volume of prayers gleaned by that greatest of American gleaners in these fields, Mrs. Mary Wilder Tiletson, the compiler of "Sunshine in the Soul," "Quiet Hours," and that blessed book of consolation, comfort and inspiration which some years ago this paper did so much to circulate, "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." One may or may not believe either in prayer or prayers, spoken or written, but every believer in high ideals, noble diction, and literary power cannot help but be interested in these devout words, one or more of which are arranged for each day in the year, selected from master spirits of all times, ranging from Ambrose to Martineau, from Aquinas to Christina Rossetti. Here are Catholics, Unitarians, Episcopalians and Jews joining in choral service with no discordant and few solo notes. Let those who are anxious to discuss prayer occasionally rest the mind by reading a few of these "prayers," and perhaps the philosophy will grow a little more clear. The second book, uniform with the above, is a unique collection of "Hymns That Have Helped," compiled on the plan of the "Ten Great Novels" and "Ten Noble Poems," by W. T. Stead, of London. The compilation is extremely interesting on account of the personal equation here represented. Here we learn what are the favorite hymns of Sir Edwin Arnold, M. D. Conway, Gladstone, Justin McCarthy, Sir John Lubbock, Lady Somerset, the Prince of Wales and many others among the living, as well as Henry Ward Beecher, Oliver Cromwell and others among

the dead. The little book contains an interesting number of the old Latin hymns of the Mother Church, and most of the classic hymns of Christendom, oftentimes accompanied with interesting personalities. Here is Goethe's "Without Haste and Without Rest." Here is Carlyle's version of Luther's great hymn, "The Stabet Mater," in English and in Latin, as well as the less classic but more familiar "A Charge to Keep I Have," "Abide with Me," and many more. Mr. Stead is anxious to compile a similar volume from the American standpoint, and we hope that he will find the necessary co-operation. We would be glad to hear from some of our readers, lovers of great hymns, after they have looked over this collection, concerning the painful omissions to such students.

Lincoln stories and memories will be revived this week with the return of the anniversary of his birth. Of all the Lincoln stories, none should be more lovingly repeated than the stories that tell of the awkward boy in coonskin cap and buckskin breeches, wading the ice-rimmed river to his waist after the little yellow dog who failed to take passage in the emigrant wagon and was afraid to plunge into the stream and follow; or of that of the lawyer on the circuit, dismounting to release a pig that had become fastened under the fence, and which, as the lawyer rode by, seemed to say in its despairing eyes, "There goes my last chance;" or of the great president burdened with a nation's woe, dodging back and forth in the dewy grass of the White House lawn very early in the morning, trying to catch the birdling that had fallen from its nest in the night. These stories represent the depth of the religious nature indicated by the hero of the Hindu epic, the "long-armed monarch," who reached heaven's gate accompanied only by his faithful hound. All other members of the train had fallen out along the way, the road had been so dreary, the way so long. When he was welcomed at the portals by the great god Indra, the king refuses to enter unless admission is given to the hound that had eaten with him, followed, loved him, and which he did not propose to abandon now.

To which the god replied: "Thou art monarch, thou art now divine, thou art now become a god. All the joys of heaven are thine. What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound." The dialogue which follows is so full in its humanity, so shames both the theology and the practice of our so-claimed "heaven-revealed Christianity," that it deserves to be given in full:

> Yet Yudhisthira answered: "O, Most High,
> O thousand-eyed and wisest! can it be
> That one exalted should seem pitiless?
> Nay, let me lose such glory: for its sake
> I cannot leave one living thing I loved."
>
> Then sternly Indra spake: "He is unclean,
> And into Swarga such shall enter not.
> The Krodhavasha's wrath destroys the fruits
> Of sacrifice, if dogs defile the fire.
> Bethink thee, Dharmaraj; quit now this beast!
> That which is seemly is not hard of heart.
>
> Still he replied: "Tis written that to spurn
> A suppliant equals in offence to slay
> A twice-born; wherefore, not for Swarga's bliss
> Quit I, Mahendra, this poor, clinging dog—
> So, without any hope or friend save me,
> So wistful, fawning for my faithfulness;
> So agonized to die, unless I help
> Who among men was called steadfast and just.
>
> Quoth Indra: "Nay, the altar-flame is foul
> Where a dog passeth; angry angels sweep
> The ascending smoke aside, and all the fruits
> Of offering, and the merit of the prayer
> Of him, whom a hound toucheth. Leave it here!
> He that will enter heaven must enter pure.
> Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way,
> And Krishna, and the dear-loved Draupadi,
>
> Attaining, firm and glorious, to this mount
> Through perfect deeds, to linger for a brute?
> Hath Yudhisthira vanquished self, to melt
> With one poor passion at the door of bliss?
> Stay'st thou for this, who did'st not stay for them,
> Draupadi, Bhima?
>
> But the king yet spake:
> 'Tis known that none can hurt or help the dead.
> They, the delightful ones, who sank and died,
> Following my footsteps, could not live again
> Though I had turned,—therefore I did not turn;
> But could help profit, I had stayed to help.
> There be four sins, O Sakra, grievous sins:
> The first is making suppliant despair,
> The second is to slay a nursing wife,
> The third is spoiling Brahman's goods by force,
> The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.
> These four I deem not direr than the crime,
> If one, in coming forth from woe to weal,
> Abandon any meanest comrade then.

This is the human climax, no, let us use the word at its fullest, the humane climax. This was the loyalty of the man, the fidelity of the mortal. It may or may not interest us that straight upon this test the great god Indra smiled and the hound vanished, and in its stead stood great Dharma's self, the lord of Death and Justice, who had followed him to test him and watch him and to rejoice in every triumph, and who now declared that because he would not mount the chariot lest the poor hound be "shent" or shut outside, "There is none in heaven shall sit above thee, king; justice and love welcome thee, monarch."

The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln and who, at the time of the incident, was his fellow-traveler:

"We passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone and we inquired: 'Where is Lincoln?'

" 'Oh,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.' "

February Twelfth, Eighteen Hundred and Nine.

Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin.

On the same day one child of favored ancestry, inheritor of the traditions of respectability, culture and of accumulated wealth, was born into a comfortable home in old Shrewsbury, England; another child of humble parents, without respectable traditions or accumulated culture, was born in a log hut without a floor in the wildwoods of Kentucky. One was born to financial ease as the other was born to penury. One had a surfeit of the privileges which the other hungered for. The schools of which the Shrewsbury lad had, according to his own estimate, too many of them, were denied this child of the backwoods, but he, too, had within him a divine passion which he as little understood as did the child of Shrewsbury. He, too, was moved with a thirst for knowledge; he, too, felt the sublimity of nature, rejoiced in the solitudes of the forest, and heard the cry of the oppressed. It is a long social distance from the voyager on her Majesty's ship, the Beagle, equipped with all the appliances and comforts then known to science and the navigating art—("The ship is magnificently equipped," wrote the prospective scientist; "twenty-four chronometers and the cabins finished in mahogany")—to that raft that floated down the Mississippi river with its load of such truck as pioneers had to barter.

The following is an extract from the young Darwin's letter to his sister, suggesting the necessities of voyaging:

> Tell Nancy to make me twelve instead of eight shirts. Tell Edward to send me up in my carpet-bag (he can slip the key in the bag tied to some string), my slippers, a pair of lightish walking-shoes, my Spanish books, my new microscope (about six inches long and three or four deep), which must have cotton stuffed inside; my geological compass—my father knows that; a little book, if I have got it in my bedroom—"Taxidermy." Ask my father if he thinks there would be any objection to my taking arsenic for a little time, as my hands are not quite well, and I have always observed that if I once get them well and change my manner of living about the same time, they will generally remain well. What is the dose? Tell Edward my gun is dirty.

This is not counting the advice of Captain Fitzroy, that he spend sixty pounds for a case of pistols. The Odysseus of the Mississippi wore a raccoon cap, buckskin breeches, and walked his raft barefooted.

But the voyager on the Mississippi had an ear as sensitive as the voyager on the Beagle. He heard in New Orleans what the student heard in Brazil, the moan of the slave woman, and it sank into the one heart as into the other; and, said the western boy, "Great God! If ever power is given me I will hit that accursed thing hard!" How wide the distance between these twin children of genius thrown out of the tardy womb of time in one day into the expectant suffering heart of humanity, Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln—one the prophet of nature, the other the prophet of human nature. One, by slow and patient patience, sought the innermost secret of the life of the plant and beast; the other, with bold adventure, sought to measure and advance the social forces that make for human weal and human liberty. When a boy at Edinburgh, Charles Darwin surmised that he would never need to earn his living, and so his interest in medicine as a calling ran low. He, himself, attributed his achievements to the fact that he never had to agonize for bread. John Fiske says in this connection: "A man of science should never be called upon to earn a living, for that is a wretched waste of energy in which the highest intellectual power is sure to suffer serious detriment and runs a risk of being frittered away into hopeless ruin." Abraham Lincoln, on the other hand, knew the bitterness of poverty and the anxieties of want, but both climbed the heights of fame, both won the crown of helpers of man, servants of truth. Let no one ask which service was most acceptable to God or man, because the wide reach of human needs calls for both services, and history will place upon the brow of each the radiant crown which belongs to those who have broken fetters, and humanity will glory in the freedom brought through the vicarious suffering of both. One broke the shackles of ignorance and bigotry which chain the mind; the other, the cruel fetters that bind the limbs and make marketable property men and women. As yet the circle of human development is so broken that a Charles Darwin and an Abraham Lincoln must needs be born, though the same day, out of such widely different conditions and for such widely different careers; but when humanity becomes full-orbed, may we not believe that it will produce, in single personality, the patience of a Darwin with the eloquence of a Lincoln? Give to one life the culture of the university and the health of the backwoodsman so that the man of science will not repine as Charles Darwin did in his old age over the loss of a relish for poetry, an estrangement from the companions of his youth, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley; and the man of social science, the statesman and leader will not always be impaled upon the cross of poverty, distrust, cold suspicion and envy, and the martyr's death. Charles Darwin was great enough to reveal his limitations, noble enough to be used as a warning, as well as an inspiration. The passion for collecting, which was the characteristic of his youth, he said, "is a passion that will make a great naturalist, a virtuoso, one enamored merely of curiosities and museums, or a miser." His high accumulations saved him to nobility, but his habits, applied to the lower ends, will not save the seeker after money, the accumulator of things, the pursuer of material ends from ignominy; and if

this great mind opener, the man who put humanity on to another pedestal, made of the human soul the last link in the continuous chain of creation so far as we know it, was compelled, in his old age and in the frankness of his spirit, to write the words with which I close this sermon study, how much more should the accumulator of gold, the manipulator of stocks, the man who lives to amass the inanimate and inorganic counters of other men's toil, the measure of other people's industry and diligence, regret his lost opportunity, his wasted resources. Let the clear confession of the great Darwin sink into our selfish lives, and let these words be written alongside of the confessional already given: "I have never turned one inch out of my course to gain fame."

"As for myself, I believe that I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse for having committed any great sin, but have often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow creatures." Oh, for the sensitive conscience of a Charles Darwin to burn away our selfishness, to sever the gold from the dross in our conduct, to lift us to the plane whereon we may live as worthy successors to the inspired prophets of progress which God gave to the world through infancy on the 12th day of February, 1809!—Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

Now that the German Emperor has turned another somersault and become a strong friend of England, as he was only a month ago an opponent, there is an inclination to see some good in it. We can at least agree that he has done a good thing in reducing the athletic games of Germany, especially the rowing matches, to some degree of control. And yet the Berlin papers do not like it. We must not forget that Napoleon Bonaparte is to-day most highly honored for the work he did in systematizing the education of France, although it was done with a degree of paternalism not acceptable to our modern notions.

Dr. Maurice Backe, at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, tells us that the moral nature of man cannot have existed more than ten thousand years at the most, and that it is now absent, congenitally and permanently, from at least four per cent. of all people. He adds that the musical sense has not existed more than five thousand years in the race, and that in most cases it does not now develop before the average age of about twenty years. The doctor believes that there are other faculties and senses in the nascent state that will be ultimately developed. Among these he classes telepathy and clairvoyance. The rapid development of these as human powers will depend upon natural selection, and whether they prove advantageous or not to the individual and the race.

What we want for 1900 is a man—not a politician, not perhaps a great statesman, but a man of strength of character and purity of motive, whom the people can trust. We have had platforms enough; not one of them has been worth the paper on which it was written. No sooner is election over than the winning party proceeds first of all to gather in the spoils—and we, the people, are the spoils. The way this country was saved from aristocracy, and from greed, and corruption, and from an increase of debt, in 1800, was by finding a man —Thomas Jefferson. The people trusted him, and he was true to the people. Can we find the man for 1900? We shall certainly need him. Never before have politicians so boldly ignored the wishes of the people, and undertaken to tyrannize over us with political machinery. A pretty contest this will be between the power of political mechanism and individual manhood. I believe we shall find the leader.

The Metaphysical Club, of Boston, has inaugurated "an earnest and systematic educational work to show from a scientific standpoint the vicious tendency of modern sensationalism and how it may be counteracted." Co-operation in this great work is earnestly invited from all who are interested. This is a needed movement. The gospel of slush meets us at every corner of this transitional age. The old demand to believe is repeated once more in new forms. Free investigation is denounced, but in new terms. We are still ordered to accept and to have faith. Mr. B. Fay Mills is co-operating with Mr. Dresser, Mr. Wood, and other members of this club in the cause of free thought, true feeling, and true action. The club announces as its program, to devote the highest self-culture, through right thinking, as a means of bringing one's loftiest ideals into present realization. It desires also to stimulate faith in and study of the higher nature of man in its relation to health and happiness.

Among the follies of recent legislation, nothing has pointed backward more directly than the laws forbidding the inmates of states prisons the right to work. As a consequence of idleness, thus enforced, the number of insane and idiotic is frightfully increased. In Indiana it is said that, in order to have something to do, the convicts have polished every bit of metal in the prison until it shines like silver. They have also picked the whitewash off the walls, bit by bit, and put on a coat of paint, which is regularly washed with an antiseptic solution. Men engage in carrying one brick at a time across the yard, or little bits of mortar, while others carry off the chipping of brick and mortar one piece at a time. But even yet the prison is likely to become a great mad-house. The writer of this note remembers looking into a room in Michigan's state's prison, after capital punishment was changed for solitary confinement. A dozen thus confined were turned into dribbling idiots. Let us understand that an end should be put to all legislation which undertakes to favor one industry or one class at the expense of another.

Nothing to lay upon Thy altar, Lord,
No palm, no laurels, naught but empty hands,
But thus they clasp Thine closer. Take them, Lord!
Fill or leave empty! I can praise Thee still
For what Thou hast denied.

—*Laura Wade Rice.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Serenity.

Serene they stand—yon mountains, gray and old—
Crowned by the clouds, or snow,
In summer's blush, or winter's pallid cold;
Nor struggles do they know.

We look unto their lofty slopes afar,
Soft melting into sky,
And see bright Venus—love's symbolic star—
Upon their summits lie.

And as the twilight deepens round their feet,
May we the lesson feel
That they so grandly, silently repeat
To us in woe or weal.

Whenever sweep the winds adverse and drear,
Along your earthly way,
Serenely as yon mountains, without fear,
Stand every storm at bay.

Minneapolis, Minn. EDSON B. RUSSELL.

Christian Science Viewed from a Medical Standpoint.

THE NEW UNITY, in the issue of October 14, 1897, contains an article under the above heading. In that article Doctor Sippy arraigns Christian Science as a "Healing Art," for denying the existence of matter. He also pays tribute to "the evolution of modern scientific medicine" in "terms of highest praise."

Those who are at all conversant with the researches of "modern scientific medicine" in the fields of biology, histology, bacteriology, physiology, pathology, etc., and in fact all of the collateral branches not only of medicine, but science generally, understand that all such research is made from the standpoint of matter. To deny the existence of matter is to destroy the foundation on which the superstructure of all science — not Christian — is built. Especially is this true of "modern medical science." Here then, we have presented the two extremes; Christian Science denying the existence of all matter, and modern medical science claiming matter as the starting point of all science.

As a general proposition is it reasonable to look for the *truth* at either extreme of any question, where we find such widely differing opinions in the minds of intelligent people? Verily the judgment of all unprejudiced, fair-minded persons is unhesitatingly "for the negative." Near the middle lines, between the extremes, are we most likely to find the truth in all things. The *true* scientist, while he recognizes the existence of matter, must admit the presence of Spirit, force. They all tell us that "religion and science" must go hand-in-hand; that "force and matter" are co-existant.

To quote from the paper of Doctor Sippy; he says:

> It has been a part of the history of all nations and peoples to indulge in the superstitious belief in the efficacy of deified personages in controlling disease.

Now, whether the people "indulge in the superstitious belief" or not; whether the "personages" were "deified" or not, we are assured that the cures which they wrought were genuine cures. If a man believes himself to be sick, is he not sick? Certainly he is, to that extent at least. If he can be *cured* of that *belief*, and thereafter remains well, is he not *cured* regardless of the means employed, whether by Christian Science, faith, prayer, homeopathy, regular medicine, or anything else? Yes, without any doubt whatever. One does not need to go far or look long to find well-authenticated accounts of cures wrought by Mrs. Eddy and her followers, as well as others who differ from her, even where "modern medical science" has signally failed, and in these modern times too. This is true of every branch of the "healing art," and doubtless has been true "of all nations and peoples" in the past.

One of the grandest men that ever lived, as well as one of the greatest physicians the world has ever known, once said:

"When we have to do with an art whose end is the saving of human life, any neglect to make ourselves masters of it becomes a crime."

During the earlier stage of my career as a physician, while living in a small town in Iowa, there lived a man noted for his good common sense and profanity. On one occasion this man, in discussing the merits and methods of modern medicine, delivered the following:

"Enny man's a —— fool that'l condemn th' thing 'thout givin' it a trial."

In this direction only is the way of truth and safety. Bigotry and conceit go with ignorance and are reactionary. Influenced thus, people run in grooves, cease to progress, and become back numbers. Surely any question of sufficient interest to engage the attention of intelligent persons, especially if connected with the "healing art," is worthy of, and should receive a goodly share of our earnest consideration as medical men and women, and he who *will* not investigate them is either too indolent for the earnest life of a physician or must be accounted a bigot; or if he *dare* not he is a coward; if he *can* not he must be a fool, while to *neglect* is criminal. Accept any feature of the dilemma that person has no business in the noble profession of medicine.

Because Mrs. Eddy and her followers practice the "healing art" from a metaphysical standpoint alone; because others employ agencies in the treatment of the sick from which have been eliminated all the properties of matter as weight, color, taste, odor, and regard them as dynamic, spirit-like in character, and do so as a result of careful, prayerful, patient research, we have no right to scout their methods and pronounce them "metaphysical vagaries." Because they do not recognize the ingestion of typhoid bacilli as the only force in the development of typhoid fever; because some may be ignorant of the "pathology and nature of tumors and disease," does not prove that there is not some other influence operating as causes than the material ones in the form of micro-organisms to which a majority in the modern medical-science school ascribe the cause of all disease. Doctor Sippy says: "Plant wheat in proper soil and it grows. Germs of disease develop and produce their specific effect—produce disease, according to similar natural laws." This is true as far as it goes. But

if the "soil" is not "proper" what then? The wheat will not grow, neither will the "germs of disease develop and produce their specific effect." What does this prove? Simply that there is some force at work in the soil that destroys the germ so that they do not "grow and produce their specific effect." Now, recognizing a force capable of destroying germs and preventing the development of their specific effect, may we not to some extent at least depend on it to cure disease when developed?

The truth of the matter is, *there is present in the system of every susceptible person a miasm which first prepares* the *soil* and makes the development of disease possible. Miasm is not matter. It is dynamic, spirit-like in character. It may be latent, but an emotion may call it into action. It is outside the realm of material and can be estimated, studied only by its effects. For example, it is a well-known fact that one of the most potent factors in the spread, contagion of disease during an epidemic is the depressing effects of fear and anxiety. At such times we see many cases in which there has been no exposure by contact or near proximity to infection, yet the cases present all the characteristics of the epidemic disease.

The primary cause of disease then being dynamic, spirit-like in character, why may we not look for its cure on the same plane; in the realm of metaphysics? There are many practitioners of the "healing art" who take cognizance of this as a principle in medicine. They claim, and with good reason, that the cause of disease being miasmatic, dynamic, there is no such thing as a cure possible while the influence of the miasm is operative. Hence, their efforts are directed against the miasm in the realm of its power, in the field of dynamics.

It is not the province of this article to go into details as to the methods of any school or sect in medicines. We have said enough we think, to indicate that the *extremes* are not the proper place in which to look for the truth of any question in which there is such divergence of opinion. Somewhere near the middle line between them is where it will be found.

Finally, Doctor Sippy says in his conclusion: "Christian Science healing will share the fate of the systems of metaphysical healing that have preceded it, will have a hold on a certain number of people for a time, and then gradually be relegated to past history." Will the facts, as they exist to-day and as history informs us, warrant such a conclusion? Scarcely, we think. Christian Science healing, faith cure, prayer, etc., are just as popular among the masses now as ever. If doubt is experienced on this point, let the doubter watch for one afternoon the throng which attend the consultation rooms of Mr. Dowie on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. From all the evidence at hand it is quite as probable that those who can see only the tangible *effects* of diseased conditions; the *results* of perverted action; and who will persist in accounting for all morbid processes in the presence and effects of *germs*—material entities—will, in the course of time, find themselves on the backward trend to end in oblivion.

S. MILLS FOWLER, M.D.

Miami, Fla.

I dimly guess from blessings known of greater out of sight.—*Whittier.*

A Plea.

Ah, do not pry into that poor girl's hist'ry,
  What though you find some pages wet with tears;
What gain you if you solve some awful mystr'y
  That's hidden by a thick'ning crust of years?

You have no right to seek her tearful story;
  Allow to her man's privilege to atone.
Hers was the sorrow, his the doubtful glory:
  If she has sinned she pays the price alone.

Should she be blamed because her hopes are blasted?
  Because her joys have crumbled into dust?
Still be pursued by her own wrongs and branded
  Because God gave to her a woman's trust?

I 've noticed lately her old smile returning,
  A hint of laughter struggling with regret;
Perhaps her stricken soul is slowly learning
  That life may hold some sunshine for her yet.

Do n't wreck the chances of her brave endeavor
  To mend the fragments of her shattered past;
Does right demand that she must be forever
  The outcast object of the gospel's blast?

Let her alone; she won't forget her sorrow,
  Although the balm of time may ease her pain;
Yet still will come to her with each to-morrow
  The haunting shadow of her crimeless stain.

Do n't try to harm her; it should be a pleasure,
  As well as duty, for us to forgive,
For when a woman parts with her best treasure,
  'Tis punishment enough to have to live.

Let's treat her kindly; we should not begrudge her
  The simple justice of an honest chance;
'Tis God's prerogative alone to judge her,
  For He 's the maker of each circumstance.

Ah, you who have not drank the bitter potion,
  Pray look less harshly on a sister's fall;
She may have had to try to swim an ocean,
  While you may not have had to swim at all.

A woman's life is mainly what man makes it;
  He seeks the priceless jewel of her heart,
And when he gains it, often coldly breaks it
  To pose a hero for his coward's part.

Through all the histories of all the ages
  That still are reeling from the loom of time,
You 'll find the stain back to the title pages;
  What was man's privilege was woman's crime.

God grant there may arise some new condition
  To swell into a universal creed,
And bring about a glorious fruition
  Where equal merit may have equal meed.

WILLIAM HARRELL.

Our Sources of Happiness.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Our sources of happiness in this world are many and varied, but it seems to be part of the plan and philosophy of being that almost all of these should be gradually outgrown by the thinking man, one by one being left behind in the course of progressive development—their places to be taken when their purpose is served, when their joys no longer entice but weary,—by different, often higher, pleasures, which ever beckon the soul onward.

Savage man enjoys only the rudest sources of happiness; hunting, which supplies his bodily needs of food and clothing; rough and cruel amusements, crude and loud music, coarse, gaudy adornments. The child loves its toys, its make-believe material world, bits of bright tinsel, the joy of bodily motion.

Youth loves song, the dance, travel, all the pleasures that appeal to the senses merely. The mature man and woman find as they develop morally, intellectually, and spiritually, other and higher modes of enjoyment.

Thus the pathway of life is strewn with outgrown sources of happiness; it is, however, always difficult for those in differing stages of pleasure capacity to understand why others passing through lower or higher planes of enjoyment than their own do not care to share with them what seems so enviable. We must be taught, it seems, through experience, what true happiness is by trying many kinds from the lower to the higher. Recognition of the evolutionary progress in our sources of happiness is necessary to teach us toleration for what might otherwise appear like foolish and puerile sports, teaching us not only charity, but sympathetic interest.

Love first teaches the natural man the joy of unselfishness—unselfishness even in its incipiency, as the result of love for wife, child, parents, kinsman, or clan, widens the spiritual horizon, deepens men's thoughts, reveals to them new sources of happiness outside of mere physical sensation; joys so indefinably sweet that craving more—in his more exalted moments man is ready to die, to give up his own body and all earthly good for the sake of helping others.

When thus through love man's spiritual sense is awakened, he begins to find new evidence of happiness opening for him in every direction, he begins to long for knowledge, and slowly pressing his way through study, through investigation by experiment, through discovery of nature's laws, he leaves the child mind behind him, and becomes the scholar, the thinker, the philosopher—and gladly renounces the merely sensual sources of pleasure for the superior intellectual enjoyment which he finds in the awakening of his mind through knowledge of the creative faculty in art, in invention, in sculpture, painting, and musical expression, his joy in which often renders the baser pleasures insipid and tiresome.

Always as our knowledge grows our ideals advance, and our standards of happiness change. Even where the pleasures of the physical keep strong hold of the senses man learns sometimes, and will do so more and more in the future, to put such pleasures under foot of control, or away from him, because only thus can he earn the right to the ideal spiritual modes of feeling from which comes his highest happiness.

But at each stage of progress there are always those left on the lower rounds who wonder at what to them seems renunciation of the best good in the world, not yet understanding the higher happiness for which the lower has been forsaken, that happiness whose unworded sweetness makes the baser pleasures seem tawdry, vapid, and tasteless.

From what we all know of the outworn pleasures of life is it not very evident that the law of evolution must ever prevail through the spiritual as well as through the physical world, and soul happiness grow always purer, sweeter, more exalted, unselfish and stronger, until happiness as yet undreamable by us is gained, and the soul becomes ready from pure joy to lose its consciousness of individuality, to become a part of the infinite, all-embracing, universal happiness of the whole of Being?

"Since Time," says Goethe, "is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing."

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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The New Liberalism in Religion.

THE NASHVILLE CONGRESS.

The Liberal Congress of Religion, which held its annual sessions recently at Nashville, gives food for reflection to any one who may have closely watched the proceedings. What took place there would have been quite impossible a generation ago. It implies a great deal when we realize that on the same platform, speaking on the same theme, were such men as Washington Gladden, of the Congregationalist Church; Prof. Dolbear, of Tuft's College; B. Fay Mills, the evangelist of Boston; J. H. Crooker, of the Unitarian Church; Prof. Schmidt, of Cornell University; Dr. Thomas, of the People's Church of Chicago, and a lecturer of an Ethical society.

It was not what these men said which was of so much consequence. They were talking of what they believed and did not believe. It was the fact that they should all have occupied the same platform together. Would an occurrence of this kind have been conceivable twenty-five or fifty years ago; and least of all, conceivable in the South, in conservative Tennessee? Men may disagree nowadays as before, but they do it in a different spirit.

A mighty change appears to have been going on under the surface among the various religious bodies in this country. It means more than we can at first appreciate. What is manifest on the surface points unmistakably to certain important events transpiring underneath.

However one may interpret it, we are quite certain that any such a Liberal Congress would have been made up in an altogether different way had it been organized from thirty to forty years ago. It is doubtful whether there would have been any Congregationalist there. Orthodoxy would scarcely have been represented. It would mainly have been an assemblage of out and out radicals, quite beyond the pale of the Church. The tone of the addresses would probably have been atheistic. There would have been bitterness or denunciation of orthodoxy; while orthodoxy itself would have held aloof with contempt.

As a matter of fact the tone of the meeting of this Congress at Nashville appears to have been just the contrary; there was an attitude of conciliation all around. It would have been difficult at first to single out the radical from the conservative. The evening sessions were held in a Jewish temple with a fair representation of its constituency in the congregation. And yet there was Washington Gladden talking of faith in Jesus, and his unfaltering belief in the doctrines of Christianity. Next to him came a Unitarian, a disciple of Channing, representing the great split from the Congregational Church which took place in New England some generations ago.

The question at issue is this: Which side is giving way, or coming over to the other's standpoint. One fact is becoming apparent enough. Whereas, a while ago, there was a great disposition among the radical element to organize and be aggressive, this disposition seems to be dying out; it looks as if the

radical movements were on the decline. Ingersoll, for instance, does not begin to have the influence, I venture to say, that he had ten or twenty years ago. There is much less disposition on the part of those outside the church to be radical in their aggressiveness.

In so far as the radical movement is organized in the Unitarian Church, it is doubtful whether that church is making much progress. In fact there is good reason to think that as an organized institution, it is a waning rather than a growing movement; and there is reason to doubt whether that church will survive another hundred years.

But, on the other hand, when one comes to pay close attention to what is going on, it is possible to notice another drift. The fact of it is that the new liberalism is really within the orthodox church instead of outside of it. In so far as "being liberal" is concerned, I must confess I have met men who do not believe in a God, or in the authority of the Bible, and so considering themselves broad-minded men, yet who are more bigoted through and through than the most aggressive examples of good old orthodoxy. "Being liberal," after all, is rather a matter of the heart than of the mind; it is a question of one's sympathies. As a matter of fact, a purely negative attitude can be more aggressive and narrow than one that is positive or constructive. Broad-mindedness can never arise out of "don't believes."

On the other hand, it is my observation that there is a growing change in the direction of breadth of sympathies within the orthodox church. The fact of it is that the clergy there are stealing the powder or ammunition of the radicals. In all the leading sects we know of a few of the pulpit leaders who wear their sectarianism very lightly indeed. When meeting such men and talking with them, it would require a very close observer to be able to label them Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian. Indeed it would almost appear as if such men felt a very faint tinge of shame at belonging to a *sect*, as if taking such a stand tended to put their sect ahead even of Christianity itself. In the old times it used to look as if a man preferred to be known as a Methodist or Presbyterian, or as a good churchman, than to be known as a Christian. It was his sect first, and religion afterwards.

Yet, as any one can see, this is anything but the attitude of the broader minded among the orthodox clergy of the present time. Even when they put on their sect coat, it does not seem to fit them, and they act as if they were a little uncomfortable in it.

It is my observation that at the present time there are more actual Unitarians, for instance, within the folds of the orthodox church than outside of it. I mean by this, the attitude of the original conservative Unitarians. The construction which some of the leading examples of orthodoxy put upon the Trinity at the present time, is positively startling, especially when one forms his judgment from conversational utterances of the men, rather than from the pulpit teachings. It is not to be understood that there is any conscious inconsistency or insincerity on this matter. It only means that nearly all the great religious terms at the present time are in the process of transition, so that when men watch each other closely, it is difficult for them to quite understand each other's meanings.

For my own part, therefore, I am inclined to interpret the lack of aggressiveness among radicals at the present time, or the absence of strong organized movements on their part as owing to the spread of a broader attitude within the folds of orthodoxy. There is a strong disposition among healthy, broad-minded religious teachers to try to get at the real kernel of religion, rather than to be constantly dealing with the husks. It is just that effort, more than anything else, as I take it, which has led the men of various attitudes to draw near together.

It is not to be forgotten that religious beliefs, to a certain extent, are a matter of habit; the teacher of religion often tries to make them so. He wants to lay the foundation of those beliefs in the very texture of the soul, when the soul is young. This has both its favorable and its unfavorable side. In so far as these beliefs are a matter of habit, a man really never knows absolutely just what he does actually think on the subject. Hence it is, sometimes, that a man's whole theology seems to go to pieces at a touch; just because it had been with him so largely a matter of habit, while changes had been going on in his mind which he had not himself observed.

The notions about Deity, for instance, are wildly confusing at the present time. The New Science is penetrating the broader thinking of the best men among the clergy, as well as the most thoughtful of religious people among the laity. It has necessarily altered and transformed the God-idea. But the change takes place so gradually that few men are aware what is going on at the present time. Some men, through this means, have gone ahead into a firmer and more intense and more exalted belief in Deity, than they ever had before. Others, owing to the fact that so much of their belief had been a matter of habit, have tended, under the new influence, to lose that belief altogether.

All this naturally presents certain peculiar and striking phases to any one who is watching it. Again and again we are perfectly amazed at hearing about some one whom we have known for years, and learning that he is a member of such and such a church. It positively dazes us when being told of the fact. We may have talked with the man, and know his actual beliefs; and we may also know quite a good deal about the traditions of the sect to which he belongs; it may pass our comprehension how to make the two fit together.

Sometimes the man knows this and is a little uneasy over it; sometimes he is entirely unconscious of it. Whether a man ought to withdraw from a church he has belonged to, owing to certain changes in his beliefs, is becoming a very grave problem. The majority of men find the question so uncomfortable that they shirk it altogether. Others most conscientiously stay where they have grown up, claiming that creeds must grow like everything else. Sometimes I believe it occurs in some of the orthodox churches, that the clergy when announcing the creed to those becoming members put the words "in substance" after the words "you believe." That certainly must be a very agreeable loop-hole to a troubled conscience. I know that the minister offered to put it to me in that way when I joined the orthodox church as a young man.

Whatever may be the right or wrong of taking such an attitude and remaining within the folds of ortho-

doxy after one's beliefs have changed, this standpoint undoubtedly, for the time being, is very seriously weakening the forces of the radicals. It is being said to the doubter—stay where you are. It is much more comfortable for him to stay, and usually he does so. At the same time, this is bound to have a tremendous influence in the long run altogether within the folds of the church. Many of the clergy themselves have little inkling of what the people who listen to them are thinking. But such a standpoint unquestionably serves very much to broaden the whole spirit of the church itself. The clergy naturally wish to be in sympathy with the laity, as far as this is consistently possible, and so the two draw together on a closer but broader standpoint.

Yet, if this tendency goes on for any length of time, by and by it is bound to reach a crisis. This has been the experience of all past religious history; a strain of such a kind cannot continue indefinitely.

It has been pointed out with unquestioned truth, that there has been a wave of reaction all over the civilized world at the close of our century from former radicalism. Nearly all the tendencies appear to be conservative. It is open to debate just what this tendency means. I am not altogether clear that it implies a positive or permanent conservative reaction; my own observation would be rather that it is owing to the broadening out of the religious beliefs of people within the church itself, which leaves less ground for attack from the outside; or, what is more, seems to leave the radical quite out in the cold. While much of the new literature of the orthodox church, from one standpoint, is strikingly conservative as against the old-time radicalism; yet, on the other hand, it is strikingly radical as against old-time conservatism.

When we come down to the real question, what it is that is bringing, especially the clergy of all sects or denominations, closer together, I am not sure that it has anything to do with beliefs at all. My own supposition is that it is another great problem confronting them, which is acting as a fusing influence. The clergy are coming to recognize that there is one question of tremendous significance which we have to meet, and which is looming up in even greater proportions. They are realizing that as yet this problem is not being met by any body of religious teachers. I mean, of course, the social problem. We must face it. And men who more than any other, should face it, and find a solution for it, are the clergy.

But as yet it would look as if the conventional religion of to-day had little or nothing to offer decisively in reference to this problem. The line of cleavage between the classes appears to be growing sharper and sharper. Individualism, if anything, is more intensely on the increase. Yet if religion exists for anything more than another, we would say it was there mainly for the purpose of bringing the classes together, doing away with class distinctions under a higher system of real brotherhood.

The difficulty is apparent enough. And there is no use denying that it has not been met or overcome. The conventional religion may do well enough in times of peace when there is no trouble under the surface. But when there is something burning down underneath then it is time to drop conventionality, and insist that religion shall go down to the heart of things.

It is this social problem, I venture to say, more than anything else, which is going to make men forget whether they are Baptists, Methodist, Unitarians, Episcopalians or Presbyterians. The clouds are getting dark, and it is high time that men forget their differences and try to see through to the light.

While I say that the New Liberalism is characterized by its prevalence within the Church rather than outside of it, I do not mean to say that it is necessarily wanting in depth of force. We take it for granted that the drawing-room standpoint counts for little. Undoubtedly many men have stultified themselves when in evening dress, trying to say pleasant things to each other so as not to seem disagreeable. But we waive the drawing-room attitude altogether. As a matter of fact it is well known that men of deep or intense convictions do not wear their feelings on their coat sleeves, or talk about what is in the depth of their souls in evening dress.

While I wish there were more clearness of thinking, less of habit in beliefs, and more of rigorous conscientiousness in such matters, yet I am not at all discouraged as to the outlook. It is to be taken into consideration that people are more and more getting into the habit of taking their religious beliefs just as one whole body of sentiment, rather than thinking of their creed as made up of individual statements. One great clergymen, some time ago, said in so many words that a creed ought to sung and not recited. He intimated that it was a kind of chant, voicing the sentiment of tradition, rather than specific beliefs every man had to clearly understand and avow at the present time. There is consolation in this standpoint. And yet, in the long run, we see danger there; when that attitude is pushed too far, we get sheer sentiment and nothing else. It becomes all music, and they have no positive kernel of thought there at all. When that standpoint reaches its extreme, it sinks to the level of the conventional drawing-room religion. As such, I fear it tends to stultify religion.

But be all this as it may, the words "radical" and "conservative" have changed in their meanings during the last quarter of a century, at least in so far as they pertain to the subject I am talking about. If the terms used in the orthodox fold have gone through a transition, the same event has transpired with the terms used by the radicals, or applied to the radicals.

We can no longer talk of the "agnostic," or of "agnosticism" in the old way. At one time it represented an attitude of aggressive unbelief, verging on downright materialism. To-day, among a great many thinkers, it stands for the very highest form of theism, as an attitude of mind so reverential that a man dares not say he knows too much about deity, lest he profane the Supreme Power he believes in. There is reverential agnosticism which can be more truly or highly theistic; just as there is a crude form of theism which seems almost material or atheistic.

As with the term "agnostic," so with the word rationalist! Some years ago, being a rationalist meant scorn of the Bible, contempt for the spiritual side of things, and even general materialism. To-day, there are many of the orthodox clergy, on the other hand, claiming that they are the only true rationalists. Changes of this kind are enough to bewilder any thoughtful man.

W. L. Sheldon.

The Sunday School.

Hell and Heaven.

Hell is the hardness of the heart—
  To feelings fine of truth and love;
The acting of a selfish part
  When noble purpose we might prove;
'Tis clinging to the things of time,
  So that the senses they enthrall;
'Tis caring not for hopes sublime,
  That give the soul its upward call;
It makes the demons of our day,
  The fire and worm that never cease;
O God, deliverance we pray,
  Give Thou forgiveness and sweet peace!

Heaven is the thought of love untold,
  The sense of duty and its bliss,
The love of virtue more than gold,
  And every life akin to this;
'Tis living on in good and gain,
  The prizing of the passing days;
A power superior to pain;
  A soul attuned to hope and praise;
'Tis bright expenditure of love,
  The working with life's larger plan;
O, here, or in glad worlds above,
  This is the heaven God gives to man!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

X. THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

The earliest civilizations hugged the great rivers. Egypt has been aptly described as "a green ribbon in an arid land." Herodotus called it "the gift of the Nile." It is a long narrow valley, averaging not more than seven miles in width, and measuring about five hundred and fifty miles from the first cataract to the sea. It is literally created by the river, which has its sources in snow-covered mountains far away in the equatorial regions. The river is calmed down from the rage of a mountain stream before it reaches Egypt, and comes gently down, bearing with it the débris of the hills, and retiring slowly, leaving a rich, alluvial deposit. The land was in consequence so fertile that the ancient inhabitants easily learned to plow the fields with a crooked stick and gather the abundant crops of the three-fold harvest. The harrowing may have been done by the swine, which were turned in at the proper time, and so earned for themselves a place among the many sacred animals of ancient Egypt. The Nile was not only a fertilizing stream, but was easily made a convenient highway. It was easy to float down stream with rafts, and it was no great strain to row up its gentle current. But besides being a land favorable to the early ripening of civilization, Egypt is a country peculiarly adapted, by means of its climate, to the preservation of records.

Up to the last few years all scholars pointed with confidence to Egypt as the cradle of the earliest civilization, and there is still no overwhelming evidence to the contrary. It has thus far been impossible to fix any but comparatively modern dates with any degree of accuracy, since the Egyptians never, so far as has been discovered, made use of a fixed era, and time was reckoned in the years of the reigning king. These loosely-kept records present a striking contrast to the systematic chronology of the Assyrians. The date of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty, is variously placed all the way from 3892 B.C., the conservative estimate of Lepsius, to Champollion's more daring reckoning of 5867 B.C., the differences of opinion being due to different theories about contemporary dynasties.

Several years ago some geologists boring in the vicinity of Memphis came upon a brick and a string at the depth of sixty feet. According to Lyell the deposition of soil in the Nile valley takes place at the rate of about five inches in a century. Then, if it be true that sixty feet of soil has been made since this chance record found its place, we have fairly good evidence that as early as 12000 B.C. the men of Egypt were far enough along in civilization to know how to make a brick and a string.

The most prominent feature in the Egyptian landscape is the tombs. The Egyptian kings bent the whole energy of their lives to building themselves tombs because they were so sure they should come back and need their bodies. If there was ever a people who believed too much in immortality it was the Egyptians. They believed in it so much that they reduced the present life to the minimum and spent it in preparation for the life to come. They were buried and swathed in immortality. Egypt herself is a mummy.

The Book of the Dead is the Egyptian scripture. Much of our knowledge of it is guesswork, for there are probably not half a dozen men living who are capable of translating it, and they, perhaps, often miss the sense of it, mistaking the figurative for the literal and the reverse. It has been compiled from papyri found in sarcophagi or the wrappings of mummies, and from inscriptions on the walls of temples and tombs. One portion is devoted to telling how the souls of the dead plead their case before Osiris in the Halls of Truth. Of one it is written, "He honored his father, he loved his mother, and he never went from home in a bad temper." Others plead for themselves, "Not a little child did I injure, not a widow did I oppress; no one starved in my time;" "I have not stolen," "I have not told falsehoods," "I have not blasphemed." If these tributes were exaggerated, as they doubtless were, it still remains true that hypocrisy is always a compliment to virtue. We affect the thing we want to be, and the simple assumption of those high qualities was a magnificent tribute to the right, the evidence of a lofty ideal.

Among available references the following were mentioned: "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt," "A History of Egypt," and "The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh," all by W. M. F. Petrie, one of the most unwearying of modern Egyptian scholars; "The Dwellers on the Nile," by E. A. Wallis Budge; "Egyptian Archæology," by G. Maspero, translated by Amelia Edwards, and Amelia Edwards' "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile."

Here, o'er the dark Deep blown,
  I ask no perfumed gale;
I ask the unpampering breath
  That fits me to endure
Chance, and victorious Death,
  Life, and my doom obscure,
Who know not whence I am sped, nor to what port I sail.

William Watson.

The Study Table.

THE SON OF INGAR.—By Katharine Pearson Woods. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

In biblical language there is given a clear, vivid portrayal of life in Jerusalem, Bethany, and neighboring towns fifty years after the birth of Christ. Peter, Paul, John the Beloved, Mary the Mother of Jesus, live again for us in the sympathetic treatment they receive from the hands of the writer.

Heathen practices and superstitions and the persecutions of Nero are contrasted with the holy lines of the early Christians and the loyalty of the converts.

Vasanti, a Hindu maid, slave of a soothsayer, is a shining character in the book. The legend of the further life and final death of Pilate is narrated, and the ready belief of the people in miracles and delusions is used to good effect. M. E. F.

*A NEW ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS.—By David P. Todd, of Amherst College, published by American Book Company.

Here is a book* just meeting my own wants, with my own boys I had found a good geology a good chemistry and a good entomology, now I have a good astronomy. The keynote of the book is, "Although the pupil's equipment be but a yardstick, a pinhole and the rule of three, will he not reap greater benefit from measuring the sun for himself than from learning details of methods employed by astronomers. Astronomy is pre-eminently a science of observation and there is no sufficient reason why it should be not so studied." That is you have in Professor Todd's book an astronomy to encourage observation and not to give you a history of what every celebrated astronomer has done with instruments quite out of your reach and beyond the reach of your children. Everywhere is kept in mind also the importance of the pupils thinking rather than memorizing. A matter of the utmost importance in the reformation of school book literature. E. P. P.

THE MODERN READERS BIBLE. ST. MATTHEW AND ST. MARK AND GENERAL EPISTLES.—Edited with an introduction and notes by Richard C. Moulton, M. A. (Camb.), Ph. D. (Penn.), Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago. New York: Macmillan Co., 1898. Cloth, 16mo. 50 cts.

Professor Moulton's arrangement of the New Testament will be contained in three volumes and will be somewhat arbitrary or fanciful. He has excuses rather than reasons for the conjunction exhibited by the present volume, which is published out of its true order, in which it should have followed Luke and the epistles of St. Paul. Then in a third volume we shall have the writings commonly attributed to St. John. We cannot but believe that a chronological order would have been much better. Professor Moulton never tires of assuring us that his objects are literary and not critical, but if, without any extra trouble, he could have given us the New Testament writings in their chronological order he would have been killing two birds with one stone, instead of doing his best to make confusion more confounded. Moreover, the intelligence with which these books are read depends very much upon our knowledge of when and under what circumstances they were written. Certainly the late origin of Second Peter, and even First, is so well established that Professor Moulton might have had a word to that effect. Even his purely literary criticism sometimes goes beyond itself and is significant of much more than it intends. Thus, the highly artificial arrangement of Matthew in groups of sevens,—seven beatitudes (following the first one which is general), seven parables, seven woes upon the Pharisees, etc.—is eloquent of the remoteness of the book as we have it from the original material. In general Professor Moulton's divisions and heading increase the reader's appreciation and enjoyment, but sometimes they are even more obstructive than the common textual arrangement.

ESSAYS ON THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION AND RELATED TOPICS.—By Prof. W. A. Dunning. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1898.

These essays, scattered in various magazines, have for some years enjoyed an enviable reputation among historical experts and students of the more thorough kind. Now that they have been gathered up into a volume they will have, we trust a wider circulation. The thinking is extremely close, but the expression is clear and forcible, so that the reader feels that any difficulty in his apprehension inheres in the character of the subject and not in the presentation. The book is one to be not only read but re-read in the future when Mr. Rhodes's history comes down to the reconstruction period, as it probably will do in the next volume. The first essay treats of the added powers of the executive during the civil war, and attempts to estimate how far Mr. Lincoln's genial deflections from a constitutional course were necessary. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart has criticised this essay for its incomplete reasoning in two particulars; the basis of the use of force; and the effect of emancipation. The second essay treats of the constitution during the reconstruction period. It was a difficult matter to reconcile, even in appearance, the theories with which the war was ended with those with which it was begun. Professor Dunning is much more sympathetic with the statesmen of that time than are the critics who are less informed. No one of the many theories that were urged by different men at different times was finally adopted, but a composite of them all. Another essay treats of the military government of the reconstructed States, and Professor Dunning's opinion is that for military government it was singularly mild and just. An essay on the impeachment of President Johnson holds the balance very carefully, and, while rejoicing that the result of the trial was a failure for the prosecuting party, does not go so far as the average political judgment to condemn that party. Their case had more strength than is generally admitted, and it must never be forgotten that the failure of the trial did nothing to exonerate the President from the charges that were made against his moral character in the conduct of his great office. The failure was purely technical. These essays are well worth reading, if for nothing else, in order that we may learn how tremendous the constitutional problems were that were presented for solution in the war and reconstruction period, and how intractable the constitution proved to every scheme of dangerous innovation. J. W. C.

The trial still is the strength's complement,
And the uncertain, dizzy path that scales
The sheer heights of supremest purposes
Is steeper to the angel than the child.

—*Lowell.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The Infinite knows no time, no space, no great, no small, no beginning, no end.
MON.—Nature takes care that none of her creatures have smooth sailing, the whole voyage at least.
TUES.—Every creature must take its chances, and man is no exception.
WED.—Everything in Nature is at the top, and yet no *one* thing is at the top.
THURS.—We run to Nature because we are afraid of man.
FRI.—Every great man is, in a certain way, an Atlas, with the weight of the world upon him.
SAT.—Through the spirit of the common Nature and the homeliest facts, not far away from them, the path of the Creator lies.

—*John Burroughs.*

When Sleepman Comes.

Little Miss Crossgrain always cries,
Wrinkles her nose, and spoils her eyes
Because he comes.

Cunning Miss Mousie slowly creeps
Near Grandma Mouse, and sweetly sleeps
Before he comes.

Timid Miss Birdie flying leaps
To Mother Bird, and hoarsely cheeps,
"He comes! He comes!"

Fluffy Miss Pussie, tail and all,
Rolls up into a downy ball
As on he comes.

Pretty Miss Rosebud's witching hand
Covers both eyes, to keep out sand,
When Sleepman comes.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

Wild Birds' Eggs as Food.

MANY THAT ARE EATEN IN EUROPE AND REGARDED AS DELICACIES.

In Germany and Holland crows' eggs are considered a luxury among the poorer classes, and on Prince Bismarck's eighty-third birthday a present of 100 of these was made to him. The eggs of the rook are also looked upon as delicate food by the Germans and Hollanders. The Chinese are not only fond of swallows' nest soup, but they eat the eggs of this little bird with great relish.

Among the South Sea Islands the natives depend largely upon this kind of food, which the birds prepare for them in nests, and so important is the source of this food considered that they will rarely destroy the birds. On the great rookeries they have found the eggs supplied abundantly for them for ages, and they gather them so easily that there is no disposition to destroy the birds. It is only when civilized man comes, intent upon destroying the birds for their feathers and plumes, that these great island rookeries have been depopulated.

In the markets of Holland—the greatest center for wild birds' eggs—we find displayed for sale the eggs of nearly all large wild birds, such as the crow, rook, gull, plover, peewit, redshanks, guillemot, blue heron, wild duck, sheldrake and many others. The eggs are gathered for these markets from the large colonies along the coast. The Isle of Texel supplies many of the wild birds' eggs for the Hollanders. This island is given up largely to sheep grazing, and the shepherds make a little extra pocket money in gathering the wild fowls' eggs from the rocks and broad heaths.

In Friesland the farmers have almost tamed the sheldrakes like domesticated fowls. The sheldrakes have laid their eggs in countless numbers on the heaths of the Dutch Norfolk, and the farmers, instead of killing the birds or frightening them away, cultivate their acquaintance and build artificial burrows or nests in the grasses for them. In these nests the sheldrakes go on laying their eggs, despite the fact that they are almost daily robbed of them. In some instances the female birds will even permit the farmers to handle them to remove the eggs. In return for all this the farmers protect the birds, and after a certain season they permit the birds to sit on their eggs and hatch out young ones. The young sheldrakes are protected just as much as our young barnyard chickens are.

Egg gathering has become a legitimate vocation on the Irish and Scottish coasts and on all the islands along the shores. The men who engage in the hazardous work carry their lives daily in their hands, for the sea birds build their nests among the most inaccessible peaks and crags of the mountains and on ledges and rocks overlooking the sea, where sure death awaits the one who makes a false step. The men swing down from the top of the cliffs by means of ropes, and while dangling in this insecure position between earth and heaven they gather the eggs of the ducks, vultures, golden eagles, cormorants and similar birds. The egg collector descends the face of the cliff in his bare feet and provided only with a stout stick and egg basket. A companion from above generally helps him in his descent and guides him in his perilous movements along the face of the mountain.

The chief eggs that are sold for eating in Holland and other European cities include those of the wild ducks and fowls, gulls, plovers, sheldrakes, meadow hens, guillemots, peewits, redshanks, turnstones, snipe curlews, dunlins, crows, rooks, cranes, herons, coots, storks, pelicans, vultures, hawks, owls and many of the smaller land birds. These wild birds' eggs are cheaper in many countries than hens' eggs, and they constitute the chief egg diet of both rich and poor.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Old Saw.

A dear little maid came skipping out
In the glad new day, with a merry shout;
With dancing feet and flying hair
She sang with joy in the morning air.

"*Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!*"
What a croak, to darken the child's delight!
And the stupid old nurse, again and again,
Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

The child paused, trying to understand;
But her eyes saw the great world rainbow-spanned:
Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,
And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind—don't listen, O sweet little maid!
Make sure of your morning song," I said;
"And if pain must meet you, why, all the more
Be glad of the rapture that came before."

—*Celia Thaxter.*

"Your little Jim seems to be popular with the other small boys."

"Popular? The other day he asked if he could give each of his boy friends an apple, and when I came down stairs the entire barrelful was gone."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Coworkers with God.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through, and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone;
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm,
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works, too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities; and close to our need His helping is.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

CHICAGO.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, of Los Angeles, has been engaged to occupy the pulpit of Unity Church until June. The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-school Workers held its monthly meeting last Tuesday evening at this church. R. A. White, of Englewood, was the essayist; subject, "The Training of Sunday-school Teachers." . . . Mr. Herne, the actor and author of "Shore Acres," joined hands with an associate worker last Sunday by standing in the pulpit of Mr. Gregory, of the Church of the Redeemer, and delivering a memorial address on Henry George. . . . The young people of the K. A. M. congregation, the Jewish society over which Dr. Jacobson presides, have organized themselves into a society for the study of literature and Hebrew history under the leadership of their minister. Their first public meeting was held last Sunday, which consisted of a musical program provided by the young people themselves, an address of welcome by Master Hart, and an address by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The beautiful auditorium was well filled. . . . The series of "Poetical Interpretations with Musical Illustrations," now in process in All Souls' Church, is proving of peculiar interest to those who attend. Slumber songs, songs of labor, songs of nature, and readings with musical accompaniment of the "Dream of Jubal," and some old hymns have already been given. Next Sunday evening will be given to Lincoln in poetry and in song, Mr. Jones giving his annual Lincoln sermon in the morning.

TACOMA, WASH.—Mr. Martin, the minister of this church, always alive, alert and on-pushing, is giving the following series of Sunday morning discourses on Ethics and Modern Life. We print the list, hoping that others will go and do likewise:

The Meaning of Ethics; or, What Is Right?
What Makes an Action "Ethical?"
The Ethics of Patriotism.
Ethical Sanctions; or, Why Should We Do What Is Right?
The Ethics of Local Government; or, the Ideal Tacoma.
The Ethics of Citizenship; or, the Ideal Citizen.
Ethics in Business.
Ethics in Politics.
The Ethics of Investigation.
Easter from an Ethical Standpoint.
Intellectual Honesty; or, Loyalty to Convictions.
The Part Played by Ethics in the Evolution of Man.
The Ethics of Church Affiliation.
The Ethics of Friendship.
The Ethics of Marriage.
The Ethics of the Labor Question.
The Ethical Basis for Belief in Immortality.

DAVENPORT, IA.—Well may the Davenport parish rejoice over the possession of a new home, well adapted to do the work of a home church. The new building does great credit, not only to the loyalty and generosity, but to the practical good sense of Mr. Judy and his people. A comely exterior with few ecclesiastical suggestions, but with an unmistakable "for-the-good-of-the-public" expression in its face, with a commodious inside, of which the church auditorium forms but a small, and probably the least attractive part, architecturally speaking, an auditorium that will seat five or six hundred people, a Unity Club Hall that will accommodate seven or eight hundred people, with a dozen parish-house rooms in the way of parlors, committee rooms, etc., etc., all for $16,000, and that all paid with the exception of the $4,000 from the building and loan fund, which is to be paid back in 10 per cent annual installments without interest. Well done, Davenport!

HELENA, MONTANA.—Enclosed please find a calendar of our church work for February and March. I am glad to be able to send encouraging greetings from this exposed point on the backbone of America. The different departments of our church work are all in flourishing condition. Our people are now bravely setting themselves to the accumulation of a church building fund. For a time at least this work must move slowly. Helena has not yet recovered from the financial depression and disaster which overtook her several years ago, but still improvement can be felt.

I am hoping to make a trip to the East in May, and, if so, I shall certainly count a visit to the editorial sanctum of THE NEW UNITY office among the great pleasures of the trip.

With best wishes to you from both Mrs. Brown and myself, I am, sincerely yours, CARLETON F. BROWN.

Following are Mr. Brown's topics for the months of February and March:

February 6—"Who is a Christian?"
February 13—Lincoln Memorial Sermon.
February 20—"The Making of a Master"—A study of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."
February 27—"The Greater Catholic Church."
March 6—"The Old Idea of Prayer and the New."
March 13—"A Universe in Motion."
March 20—"Earning Our Salvation."
March 27—"The Faith that Overcomes the World."

Books Received.

A NATIONAL CHURCH.—By William Reed Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STUDENT'S STANDARD DICTIONARY.—Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York and London.

THE NEW DISPENSATION—THE NEW TESTAMENT—Translated by Robert D. Weeks. Funk & Wagnalls Company. New York and London.

IN MEMORIAM—FREDERICK DOUGLAS. John C. Yorston & Co., Publishers. Philadelphia.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS AS A CREED.—Charles Scribner's Sons.

POEMS.—By C. D. Darling. Paper, $1.00. Sheaf Print. Warren, Minn.

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TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION, HELD AT NASHVILLE, TENN., 1897 (pph.)

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"I Will Not Be Cross, Dear."

I would not be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, or loss—
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I would n't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly; whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true, in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross—
I would n't be cross, dear, I would n't be cross.

I would n't be cross with a stranger. Ah, no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life-path, we owe
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones, and slant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent; but I would n't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
That wound, which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar,
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble or loss—
I would n't be cross, love, I would n't be cross. —*Margaret Sangster*,

"The People are Hungry For just such literature as THE NEW UNITY contains," was the expression used by one of our oldest subscribers, a few days since, when in to pay up her subscription. "I always mail my copy to a friend who lives in Peoria, after I have read it." It may be that you know of some person (or a dozen, or a hundred) who are hungry for such literature. If so, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly send them sample copies free.

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The Divine Benediction.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to give extracts from a book, every page of which contains se tences worthy of quotation.

There are, indeed, expressions which those whose creed differs from that of the author's would wish omitted, as when "Goethe, Spencer, Agassiz, and Jesus" are grouped together as equal illustrations. It was not necessary to accentuate the bravery of our soldier boys of '61 by casting a slur on the Christian Commission. And it will lessen to some the influence of the high truths in every chapter, that so many of the dear old Bible stories are numbered among myths and legends. But if we look for good, we shall find all the pages full of the spirit of Christ, and true, uplifting teaching is drawn from every Bible incident mentioned. We would gladly have more honor shown to the latter, but, after all, "the Spirit giveth life." Hence (with the exceptions and reservations noted above) we heartily commend the book.—*The National Baptist.*

A BOOK TO HELP ONE LIVE.—"The Faith That Makes Faithful" is a stimulus to the drooping spirit and tired body. Its lines are encouraging to those whose cares and offices are not without alloy, and they are excellent reading for all who have or wish to have a purpose in life. The opening chapter is entitled "Blessed be Drudgery," and the thought therein tends to strengthen one in performing the thousand little things in life's pathway and make them light, that we are accustomed to look upon as grinding drudgery. There are chapters on faithfulness, tenderness, divine benediction, etc. The style is spirited and spiritual, and it is not only a volume for goodly reading, but one that will help us live for purpose and right. It is a collaborate production of Messrs. William Channing Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The best evidence of its acceptance by the public and its merit is the fact that it has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.—*Books.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. Sermons preached by Revs. W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Alfred C. Clark of Chicago has just issued a brochure which contains eight sermons, four being preached by Rev. W. C. Gannett on "Blessed be Drudgery," "I Had a Friend," "A Cup of Cold Water," and "Wrestling and Blessing," and the other four by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on "Faithfulness," "Tenderness," "The Seamless Robe," and "The Divine Benediction." Thees discourses are of an ennobling, purifying character, full of beautiful sentiment and rich in pathetic incidents that will stir the tenderest emotions. After reading this little work one cherishes a kindlier, gentler feeling for all humanity, and if he is not made better by the chaste and holy spirit that pervades the book he must surely be insensible to the pleading of virtue, and the joy that comes from correct living and the hope of a bright and happy future.

The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us—a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising—the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger—danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid—even if it be but a little—in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them—their proper field—the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

"The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

From "Review of Reviews," New York.

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.

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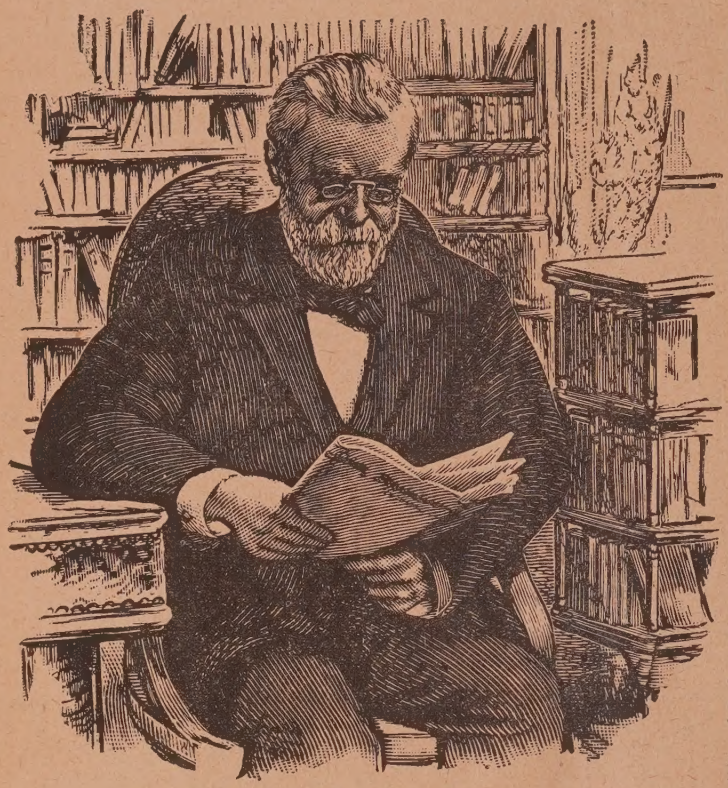

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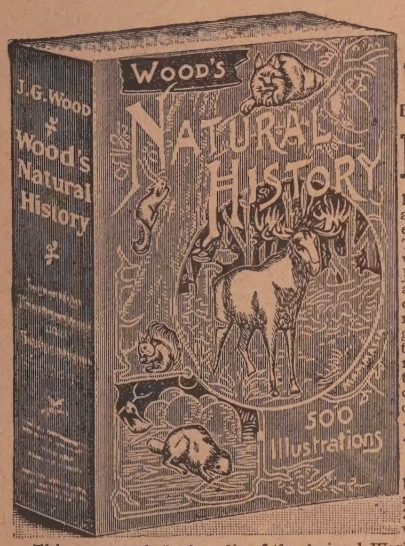

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